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Not in Wing
New Wing
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L. O.

ACCOUNT

Prodigious Storms of Thunder, Lightning, &c.

London-Derry in Ireland.

On Saturday June 26, 1680. As they were communicated to a Friend in London by the following Letters.

THese Letters came to my hand from Ireland last night by Post. I give them to you in their Native dress, without any preface or embellishments, and to keep them no longer from you they are as follows.

S I R.
I Presume you will have the following News more at large than here I give you. On Saturday last, about five in the Afternoon, happened a very great Thunder, with Hail and Rain, in these parts, but especially about 16 or 20 Miles from hence, insomuch that it hath not only tore up a Mountain of near 200 Acres, but the Cloud breaking thereon hath carried all the surface of the Earth in that compass into all the Rivers round about, but withal hath carried away several Houses and Families, insomuch that of Men, Women and Children, already above 30 Corps are found, and many more is believed to be lost. Of a sudden the Waters rise betwixt the Mountain 14 Fathom high; On that part where the Mountain was, only one Woman left alive to give account of the Dreadfulness thereof which she saith, was as well by Hail stones of an incredible bigness, as by the vast Cloud coming down at once, that none but she, and that by a wonderful providence, could escape in that place; and had it been in the night many hundred persons more had been destroyed as well as their Houses and great numbers of Cattle drowned and killed: All Fish for several Miles up the River are destroyed by the blackness and mudiness of the Water which the surface of that Mountain made, of Salmon above 7 or 800 found already dead on the Shore, of Eels and all other small fresh water Fish, infinite numbers destroyed, that 'tis nor can nor be believed, in those Rivers one Fish is left alive: 'tis too tedious to relate to you the whole Matter, but is as dreadful to this Country as you can imagine by being much worse than I here give you.

London-derry, Wednesday June

the 30th 1680.

A Prodigious accident fell in Monterlony, on Saturday the 26th of this instant June, a Thunder-clap forced the Bowels of a great Mountain belonging to one Glaine Hamilton, after which ensued the fall of a prodigious Cloud, which entering the Cavities of the said Mountain made by the Thunder, its weight bore the greatest part of the Mountain before it. which made such a deluge of puddle, that that part

of it which fell into *Glenally Water* that runs towards *Newton Stewart*, drowned 19 persons in their Houses, turned the whole Valley for 8 or 9 Miles in length, that were Meadow and Corn, into a Desert of dirt a foot thick, and hath killed all the Fish in the River for 20 Miles in length. The other half of this Cloud fell into the *Row Water* that runs through the County of *London-derry* has drowned 31 persons, and forced away the Stone bridge of *Limarady*.

Newhall the 28th of June, 1680.

ON *Saturday* last about 12 at Noon it began here to Thunder and Rain, which continued for 3 hours incessantly, the River swelled suddenly and did so overflow all the Banks that I never see so great a Flood, and coming down so impetuously, it brought with it an infinite deal of Timber, Sticks, Straw and Rubbish, which gathering together at the side of our New Bridge, and having no vent it overthrew, and there is not one stick left, and so the prettiest Bridge in *Ireland* is lost. I understand since, that the Thunder began above *Dungiven*, and there a Thunderbolt fell upon a Hill and tore it down, which mingling with the Rain which rather fell like a great Spout, it came tumbling upon a House belonging to *Avery O Caban*, the Father of *Chas O Caban* the *Tory*, and in a moment overthrew it, and carried all away with it, *Avery* and his Wife and 3 Children and 4 Friends were drowned, with all their Cows, Sheep and Horses, and among them a Child in a Cradle, which Cradle, with many other Household goods and Timber of Houses, did help to choak and overthrow our Bridge. A Boy told me he saw a Thunder-bolt fall, which with great flames and flashes tore the Ground, that all the day after none could go near that place for the smell of Brimstone: He says there fell also Hail-stones of a strange size and shape, some like pieces of Candles, some like great Buttons with sharp points. Within a few Miles of that place 18 persons were found drowned in one heap, and several about *Newtown-Stewart*, but the mischief is not all known; after this it is a small thing to tell you that all the Meadows about this Town are spoiled, and all the Corn from hence to the Rivers mouth, and which is wonderful, about *Derry* and *Colerain* nothing but an ordinary Shower, at *Maher*, and thereabouts clear weather.

Newtown-Stewart 29 June, 1680.

There has happened near this place, so strange and sad an accident, that I think the like has been seldom known: On *Saturday* last, about ten a Clock in day, we heard much Thunder about 17 Miles from hence, which made many great Breaches in a Mountain, and such Spouts of Water fell upon the place so broken up, that the Flood hurried the loomed Earth with it to the bottom, and swelled a Brook which ran there (and which comes into the River by this place) so suddenly and so high, that it carried all away that stood before it; People that lived near the Bank had not time to get out of their Houses, but with Goods, Houses and all, were swept along with it and perished; the Beasts that fed near it were lost, the very Fish were stifled by the Earth which the Current brought with it; great quantities of *Salmon Trout*, *Lamprey* (which I never saw here before) even the *Eels* that live in Mud, were choaked, and thrown dead upon the Shore, and I do not believe there is one Fish alive in the River from the Mountain to the Sea: My curiosity took me yesterday to the place where this new kind of Deluge began, and truly, I was amazed to see a Mountain torn in above ten several places, and all the low ground by the River, for ten Miles together, covered with the Ruins, the Corn-Fields buried, and People groaping in the Mud and Earth for the Bodies of their Friends and of their Cattle. I cannot yet learn exactly, how many have perished, but by the Account that is given, there are lost in several places fifty Souls, and abundance of Cattle.

LONDON, Printed for B. Tooke, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1680.